THE DAILY STAR

Springtime Fashions

"Xact" as to Shades, Materials and Styles.

Some Costumes Described---Favorite Trimmings---Bonnets and Hats.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1880.

A violet shade is to be in vogue this season. The handsomest tissues and most beautiful combinations are made in this color. Rich brocatelles in two shades of heliotrope are in preparation. There are also mauve-colored satins with small bunches of violets, which are arranged like the madras fichus so much worn last summer, with the center and wide borders. Many suits are to be made in this style. The "tissu Montmorency," a new material, is covered with designs of handsome cherries and leaves. The grounding is dark garnet or bronze color. The material is arranged in different sized bands, divided by light threads. Showy toilets for young ladies are made of this goods, and it is also much employed for sun-shades. Surah and foulard continue to be the favored materials, as they are light and soft, and admirably suited to all kinds of drapery. A suit of "pivoine" or penny-colored surah and beige-colored foulard with peony designs is made with a foulard skirt trimmed with gathered flounces, with the heading of each flounce formed of several rows of shirring. The Louis XV. surah vest reaches to the middle of the skirt. Down the front are enameled buttons. The vest opens about 10 inches below the waist, where it separates and is taken back, and follows the border of watteau polonaise. This foulard polonaise is shirred on the shoulder, on the waist, and on the border of the vest, and forms over the hips a kind of panier, which is draped in the back. The back is "tailleur" shape, fitting into the figure, with a "tournure" underneath. It forms three narrow and full puffings, the last one of which is turned up and fastened to the skirt. Two surah scarfs are taken from the seams under the arms and tied in loops which fall over the first puffing of the dress. The half-long sleeve is trimmed with a ruffle with a shirred heading. On the right sleeve over the shirring is a tiny gilded butterfly with a silver pin. The baby hat worn with this suit is rather large, with the brim raised on the left side. Near the hair is a full spray of roses without leaves. A little toward the side, in front of the brim, are two white plumes.

Postilion basques and "tournures" are daily gaining in favor. With this style of waist the fronts are pointed, and the sides cut out over the hips, while the back forms postilion coat-tails. The waists are smaller than ever, requiring corsets of the very best make.

Satin, which hitherto has been reserved exclusively for winter toilets, is now extensively used on spring and summer dresses. These have puffings of satin down the front, and draperies and plaitings. The trimmings, when combined with Pompadour foulards and plain surah, are very light, and suitable for summer wear, and have a totally different effect to that produced when combined with such goods as velvet vigogne. Colored faille and brocaded taffetas are in high favor. With the new fancy fabrics in use, aprons are made of satin, either in the color of the grounding or in one of the colors of the design. This style is useful for making over old dresses.

The Louis XV and XVI styles still retain favor, and everything that is old and genuine is used for the toilet. In-door dresses are also in pure Watteau style, with puffed and shirred satin fronts, and pockets and cuffs of the same trimmed with ribbon bows. Old brocade and Pompadour materials are employed to advantage for this purpose. An in-door dress made in Watteau style, and forming one of six robes de chambre of a bridal trousseau, is of woolen and silk "cachemire faconne," the cream-colored grounding having designs of sky-blue and old-gold colored palm leaves, placed very close together; they are narrow and long. The fronts are of sky-blue puffed satin, shot with threads of different colors. With the last material, however, the cachemire must be quite fresh, which is not so necessary with the plain satin.

Plain linen and batiste dresses, which can not be worn as they are, may be made over in Pompadour designs with the same materials. Blue, gray, and straw-colored linen dresses may be combined with percale satinettes, and the old-fashioned waists replaced by the Watteau casaque. The plain skirt has a short train and puffings of the fancy fabric. The most important characteristic of the making over of these old dresses is to so combine the shades that the new goods do not deaden the effect of the old. There are so many shades now in use that this is not a difficult matter to be accomplished. Satin inserted plaitings are very extensively used.

They are placed between the side pieces of the waist, on the middle of the basque, between the breadths of skirts, on the sleeves, and, in fact, on all parts of the dress. The "soufflet," as this plaiting is called, consists of a fan-shaped plaiting, arranged in seven plaits fastened close together on the top and left loose on the lower part. A dress designed after this style is of Prussian green cachemire de l'Inde, with a tunic six inches shorter than the skirt. Between the seams of the skirt on the lower part are inserted plaitings of cream-colored satin, shot with threads of various color. Any cachemire de l'Inde can in a few hours be altered in this manner, either with plain satin or fancy satin, in very light groundings.

In the outer garments in wear at present, a style has been brought out which was all the rage six or seven years ago. It is a kind of "MacFarlane" garment, with the addition of varied trimmings. The double pelerine has a large opening for the arm to pass through. The lower part of the garment is plaited. The small cloak is of English cheviot or woolen reps, and is used for shopping purposes and demi-toilets. It must always be of some fancy goods, and is often lined with red surah. The collar is sometimes made to match, and is sometimes of velvet in the color of the garment. The "etrangere" cloak is of satin, lined with heliotrope-colored satin. The seam is cut up in the center of the back. The seam of the sleeve passes over the shoulder and terminates on a line with the seam under the arm. A piece is cut out to form the sleeve. The trimming consists of blonde plaitings and jet fringe. On the sleeves are satin ribbon bows. The "manteau Colibri" is of black sicilienne. It consists of two pieces joined in the back seams. The fronts close to the waist, from which point they are taken back and joined under a black satin bow, with passementerie cords and tassels. The garment is trimmed with ruched lace and beads.

A walking suit for a young lady is sometimes made of Summer cachemire de l'Inde and surah, in grayish lilac. The cachemire skirt is so cut on the lower part as to form loops, which are made by the goods being left long enough to allow of being turned up. These are lined with surah. Under these loops, from where they open, is a plaited surah flounce, which falls below. The cachemire tunique is trimmed in the border to match the skirt, the goods being cut out in loops. The jacket is lined with surah, and also forms loops on the border of the basque. Before the basque is lined there are placed in between each seam all around inserted puffings of surah. The long, tight-fitting sleeves are cut in loops at the wrist. The small standing collar is cut in loops. The lingerie is of ruched tulle. The necktie worn with this suit is of white "mousseline desoie," trimmed with lace. The gray straw hat matching this suit has a broad brim falling slightly over the face, and turning up in the back. The brim is lined. In front of the crown are ostrich tips, and on the side is a full trimming of different colored flowers.

A walking suit for morning use may be of "granite de laine." The skirt has a plaited flounce, trimmed with a band of foulard with dots and stripes. A similar band heads the flounce, which is quite deep. The apron is plaited crosswise all the way up and a band of foulard runs through the center. Down the middle, reaching to the lower part of the plaited flounce, is another foulard band. The train forms seven even plaits in the middle. The pointed waist has shawl-shaped revers of fancy foulard. These cross over the breast and are fastened down under a ribbon rosette. The round cuffs on the plain tight sleeves are trimmed with pointed pieces of foulard. The square pockets have three loops. The "bourbonnaise"-shaped hat has a small high crown and a turned-down brim, lined with shirred satin. A narrow ribbon is taken across the hat, fastening down the brim and is tied on the side. The crown is trimmed with a bunch of ostrich-tips.

A very pretty combination for a toilet is light-blue foulard, and a darker shade of foulard with blue dots. The plain foulard skirt is trimmed with a flounce, surmounted by a puffing. The whole apron is puffed by means of crosswise shirrs. In front, over this apron, are two scarfs of dotted foulard, drawn together in the center by means of seven rows of close shirrs, thus showing the middle and top of the puffings on the apron. The cuirass waist is of dotted foulard, with pale-blue revers down the front, and plaited draperies on the side of the basque. The plain foulard vest is puffed. The necktie worn with the dress is of white lace. Around the neck is a Pompadour ruching. The straw hat has a broad flaring brim, lined with blue shirred foulard. The brim is fastened against the crown on the left side, under a bunch of tea-roses.

Toilets for half-mourning wear are made combining black and gray faille. The puffed apron is generally of plain black faille, while the draperies are of the grayish silk. The gray train is narrow. The waist is of black faille and the vest of gray. The black sleeves have gray cuffs. Any mourning dress made of faille or foulard may be arranged in this manner.

The favorite color for bonnets is violet. Flowers are again used in great profusion on bonnets, as well as surah and Oriental tissues. As gold is in such general wear, a gilt tulle has been brought out, which is quite an addition to the numerous other trimmings now employed.

A new capote is the Louis XV shape. It may be of "scarabee d'or" colored straw. The broad brim is lined with red satin; it sits up high from the head, showing the whole lining. The front of the crown is trimmed with a large bow, and on either side is a bundle of red cock's feathers. The brim is bound with bronze colored velvet. The strings are of Oriental broche, combining yellow, blue, red and black; they are fringed on the borders.

A new style of sunshade is called "parapluie de Robinson." It is quite large, as its name indicates. The material is "toile de Zouy," of a very fine quality. It is bright red or blue, with a bordering covered with fancy designs.

XACT.

Profits in Whale Killing.

[Cape Cod Letter.]

Eighteen whales, mostly finbacks, were killed outside Provincetown harbor last Saturday. Twenty-three have been landed at Cook's Oil Works the last few weeks, which will yield a total of 350 barrels of oil which, with the guano produced, is valued at $6,000. There are also some ten or a dozen killed and not yet towed in, besides several which have been taken away for exhibition.

Dr. Bistoury's Night-Watchman.

"Tell you what, doctor; you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word!"

"Hardly, my boy. You ought to know by this time that it's the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves." And with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr. John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peal his third orange as carefully as if he were taking off a limb.

"Look here, doctor; I'm not joking—I'm not indeed! Everyone knows that you are a rich man; and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up—the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there; and yet, after all that you go on living in this big house without a soul near you except the cook and old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!"

"Well, my boy," said the doctor with a curious smile, "would it tranqualize your mind if I were to engage a night watchman?"

"I should think so. That would be just the thing."

"Very good. Consider it done."

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being "always shut up," was a standing puzzle to the doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold; and its master, when questioned on the subject, answered only by some joking evasion. Rumor whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out "what Dr. Bistoury kept hid in that room of his," had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets likewise, were constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber.

Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the doctor had never had a wife to immure. The flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable inasmuch as he had had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject, he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everett, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

"My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs. Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have been for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb, did equal honor to her hand and her heart; and when she was only thirteen, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of five dollars—a fact—and articulated it in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour, she became tainted with a fancy for homeopathy; and after that of course all was over between us. Such is life!"

The doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehensions for the time being; but a few weeks later, he returned to the attack once more. "I say, doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?"

"Yes; some time ago."

"Well, he don't seem to do his duty, then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never seen him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?"

"Wait and see," said the doctor oracularly.

And Everett waited, but did not see. The invisible watchman remained as invisible as ever; and Harry, out of patience with his old friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the doctor's veteran man-servant—popularly known as "Old Sam"—whose health had begun to give way so manifestly that his master insisted on sending him into the country on a three months' holiday, replacing him with another man, who had volunteered as promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced, taciturn man, who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisites of a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everett, who lost no time in announcing his opinion. "Look here, doctor. I don't want to be always bothering you about this robbery idea; but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night, when I caught sight of him standing at the garden-gate, talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamp light as I passed, and I knew him at once for a noted thief who goes by the name of "Badger Bill."

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I've once seen."

"Ah! In that case, it's time for me to act." The last word was so curiously emphasized, that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the doctor had been superfluous, after all, and the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

This suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the doctor dropped in upon him unexpectedly, saying: "Give me some dinner, my boy. You've no engagement for this evening, I know; so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself. Have you ever read the Count of Monte Cristo? because you're going to see a chapter of it dramatized to-night, and pretty effectively too, I flatter myself."

"What do you mean?" asked Everett, staring.

"Why you see I told my servants, a few days ago, that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally seized the chance of getting leave for an 'evening out;' consequently, the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you're so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible that the two honest gentleman with whom you saw him talking the other night, may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so——"

Harry sprang to his feet, and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment. "Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come now, doctor; why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man as smart as any six of me?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the doctor, laughing. "Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—you'll want it before the evening's over, I can promise you—and then we'll have our talk."

Dinner over, the docter lit one of the incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury, and proceeded to expound his plan of action. "I've locked up the outer room that open into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they,ll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden-door, and give them the ladder that lies beside to mount it by. We'll hide in the stable, which—thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it; but I can open the door easily enough. And then——"

"And then," broke in Harry eagerly, "we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to use my new revolver."

"Better leave it at home," said the doctor quietly; "we shall want no weapons for this job."

"Why, you are going to mesmerize the fellows?" asked Everett, completely mystified.

"Wait and see," chuckled the doctor. "We needn't be there till eleven, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal, that I'm not coming back; and besides, an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that nobody sees us getting in."

But in this fortune favored them; and as the doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable-door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in, unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouched there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the first sign of the coming danger. Dr. Bistoury's practiced nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough; but to the impulsive, excitable Everett it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street, close to the garden door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished, and reappeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

"That must be the signal," whispered the doctor. "Keep your ears open, Harry."

Courageous as Everett was he felt his pulse quicken, and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

"Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep outside?"

The next moment came a lower whistle, instantly answered from the house; and then a shadowy figure, issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden door, and opened it to admit two others.

"They've got the ladder," whispered Dr. Bistoury, as the three phantoms crossed the garden. "Be on the lookout, my boy; you're going to see something worth seeing!"

The ladder was soon planted against the mysterious window; and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrades to "keep an eye" on their worthy confederate, ascended, and cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible, put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him; and Bill, stepping cautiously into the room, turned the "bull's-eye" of his lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry: "Ain't that a—a coffin over yonder?" whispered he tremulously. "Good gracious! suppose there should be a dead man in it, and——"

"S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool!" growled Bill savagely. "Shut your mouth, will you, or thar'll be another dead man somewhar round soon. I'm a-goin' right in—I am!" And he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash! the coffin-lid burst open, and a skeleton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forward its bony arms and grinning jaws as if about to spring upon them. The sauve qui peut of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave one yell sufficient to wake the whole neighborhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar, leaping backward, dashed his head with such force against the corner of a bureau, that he dropped as if felled with an ax; while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder, and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

"You see now, Harry," said the doctor, as they went up stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, 'that my night watchman did know his duty, although there's nothing more uncanny about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of any one, and a little phosphorous. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory, after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much, that I must plead guilty to having given them a good deal of encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs my house again."

And indeed, no one has ever attempted it since.

How Fish Find Their Own Rivers.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The long held and only recently rejected theory that the shoals of fishes moved in a vast mass along the coast, sending off detachments into each river as they passed its mouth, is to be attributed to John Gilpin and some other authors, who have written flowingly on the subject. The recent careful investigations of naturalists indicate that the anadromous fishes, those entering the rivers and bodies of fresh water from the sea, do not have an extended range in the ocean, and that each river's colony remains, after returning, in the deep waters opposite their river. The motive for the movement of these shoals of anadromous fishes, or rather how it is incited, has scarcely been explained.

The life of the fishes has always been a mystery. It is not a search for food, as they do not eat while in fresh water; the opening of hundreds of stomachs will fail to find food present. It is an easy disposal of the question as to how each colony recognizes its native river to say that "it is instinctive." So it is also when the butcher's horse recognizes the familiar gates; but we have some evidence as to what senses he uses. The fishes, probably, prompted by functional disturbances, from the tumid ovaries and spermaries, are incited to movement. The courses of the sea, unmarked as they are, are, within each colony's limit, their habitual pathways. An unerring capacity in the fish for finding its own river may be no more than that which guides the hermit crab to the shell of the natica.

The latter goes to hide its sensitive body, with an apparent nervous trepidation at its unprotected condition. The former, with an uneasiness of body from the functional changes it is undergoing, is impelled to activity. The transmitted habit of ascending the stream is, as it were, blended and alloyed with the substance of the nerves, and aroused by its condition, carries it, without conscious purpose, into the river of its progenitors and its own. The impulses of the fish are only in a slightly more complicated series than those of the crab. That it should be the instinct for a specific stream, established through inheritance of many generations, is easier to understand than that it is a sort of memory of the place of its immature life, as the theory of fish culture makes it, and as observation seems to sustain.

In the waters of the Delaware, where there were no salmon originally, the young salmon placed in Bushkill Creek returned after five years, and were taken, not only in the Delaware River, but the larger number in the neighborhood of Bushkill Creek. It is not essential that all the fishes should have this impelling influence, whatever it might be, as, like gregarious mammals and birds, they flock together, following the leadership of whichever for the time takes it. The idea is suggested that the senses may be the guiding agent, that a fish goes nosing along the coast, or tasting the streams, until it recognizes its own. The convexity of the cornea must afford the fishes a very limited range of vision. The supposed dullness of the sense of smell and of taste in fishes might alone dispose of the suggestion that these are employed.

The following occurrence, however, would seem to decide to the contrary: The Russian River, emptying into the Pacific, north of San Francisco, had its mouth entirely closed by the waves during the storm. The colony of salmon made their yearly migration from the deep waters toward the mouth of the river, and many of them raced through the surf, and landed high and dry on the sand that walled them out from their native river. The migration of the salmon into some of the Pacific rivers is a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids and cascades, far into thin streams and brooks, where they arrive battered and weary, to accomplish their exhaustive reproductive labors, and drop back, dead and dying, toward the sea.

In Mexico they eat salt on their oranges, both because they like them better and because they consider them more wholesome.